Young Lochinvar;

To which are added,

THE ROSE OF DUNMORE,

SCOTTISH WHISKY,

Blythe was She But and Ben,

Sleeping Maggie,

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

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YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

—

O! Young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall
Among bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said nevera word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs as its tide—
And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far—
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, e'er her mother could bar,
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maiden's whisper'd 'twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chacing, on Cannobie lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see,
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

THE ROSE OF DUNMORE.

As I went a walking out early,
Bright Phœbus most sweetly did shine,
And the nightingale warbled melodious,
As the lusin that falls from the glen.
It's down thro' a grove where I walked,
A while to condole in a shade,
On my destiny for to ponder,
It's there I beheld a sweet maid.

I cast forth my eyes for to view,
And thus unto her I did say,
You fair has my heart ensnared,
How far thro' the grove dost thou stray?
She answered, sir, I will tell you,
The truth unto you I'll explore,
Of a matter that lately befel me,
My dwelling lies near Dunmore.

Once I did love a brave hero,
Till my tender heart he did gain,
No mortal ever lov'd dearer,
But now he is ploughing the main,
All under brave Nelson for battle,
And our English Navy so brave,
Where cannons and guns loudly rattle,
Against the proud French on the main.

He says, now my fair, so ensnaring,
Perhaps your true-love he is slain,
As many a man fell a victim,
And fell by the French on the main;
So it might happen with your love,
As it hath done with many before,

I pray come with me to Rathfriland,
And bid a farewell to Dunmore.

How could I be thus so inconstant,
And promised so much to be true,
To leave my old sweetheart lamenting,
And venture all fortune with you;
The people would call me hard hearted,
For fidelity to him I've swore,
That our loves should never be parted,
But wait for the youth in Dunmore.

Since it is so now decreed,
That I now a victim must fall,
I cannot refrain now but mourn,
Tho' I am no better at all.
I still live in expectation,
Of that charming youth I adore,
I hope to my great consolation,
To meet him with joy in Dunmore.

Cheeks like the fair beauties blown,
Your summer will soon be o'er,
October winds will be blown,
And blast the sweet rose of Dunmore,
I found that her heart was failing,
As many had done before,
I hoist up my sails for Rathfriland,
And gained the sweet rose of Dunmore.

SCOTTISH WHISKY.

Ye social sons of Scotia's isle,
Who love to rant and roar, Sir,
To drink, to dance, to laugh, to sing,
And hie withouten care, Sir;

Attend and listen to my lays,
'Twill make you blithe and friskie;
I sing, who dare my theme despise?
In praise of guid Scots Whisky.
O my cheering, care-dispelling,
Heart-reviving Whisky;
Thou brightens up the gloom of life,
That aft look dark and duskie.

Let Frenchmen o' their bev'rage boast,
The juice of Gallic vine. Sir,
And Dons and Portuguese rehearse
The praises o' their wine, Sir;
I don't envy them with their tons,
Gi'e me a little caskie
O' Caledonia's nectar pure,
The real Scottish Whisky.
O my cheering, &c.

Jamaica Rum it's but a hum,
So is the best Antigua;
And Holland's gin no worth, a pin,
Compar'd wi' dear Kilbegie.
Whoever wants to take a house,
Or have a jovial phiskie,
They only need to weet their mou's
Wi' real Scottish Whisky.
O my cheering, &c.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturin glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow braes the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek,
As onie lamb upon a lee;
The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

SLEEPIN' MAGGY.

Mirk an' rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry,
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
An' win's drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleepin', Maggy,
O are ye sleepin', Maggy;
Let me in, for loud the linn,
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank
The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary,
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry o' howlets maks me eerie.
O are ye sleepin', Maggy, &c.

Aboon my breath I darena speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise my bonny lady!
O are ye sleepin', Maggy, &c.

She's op't the door she's let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;
"Blaw your warst ye rain an' win',
Since now I'm in aside ye, Maggy."

BANKS OF BANNA.

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna?
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown!
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone
For ever, and for ever.